Make Like Paper

Red House Painters

Halloween in New York

On the way home from London

Eight weeks on tonight still

But all the other winter's I spentShe lived in a house

Where Mission Street bends

She slept in a room

Where I didn't feel welcomeLeaves are turning brown

All over the ground

Leaves make like paper

Make like paper soundsWay back, back then

I considered you my best friend

But the last time I saw you

I knew I'd never see you again You lived in a place

Off the Chamblee-Dunwoody way

I took up his space

When they took your father awayLeaves are turning brown

All over the ground

Leaves make like paper

Make like paper soundsLeaves are turning brown

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